

pillows

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One-shot

pillows

Misaki's POV

I've had it! In this penthouse that he had insisted on buying, there aren't any blankets or pillows, except the ones on the bed. By one week, all the decorative pillows and huge stuffed animals have disappeared. Because of the loss of the pillows and stuffed animals, I simply fold a blanket several times and hug it while I tried to take a nap. The only problem was, when I wake up, all kinds of blankets are nowhere to be seen!

"Takumi!" I yell furiously. "Where have all pillows, blankets and similar stuff disappeared to!?"

He looks at me from the couch with those big irresistible puppy dog eyes. The kind of eyes that drill a hole through the soul. I stand in the middle of the living room with my arms crossed, with an angry expression plastered all over my face. He straightens himself as he stands up, walking around the coffee table inching closer and closer. I'm so angry that I don't notice him until he rests his chin on my shoulder and wraps his arms around me. I flinch and he sighed.

Usui's POV

I knew it was only a question of time until she snapped.

Of course, I know she likes hugging a pillow or a stuffed animal in her sleep. But I just couldn't endure it any longer! When I came home late one day, I saw her on the couch, hugging a pillow.

I could feel the jealousy. I was jealous of a friggin pillow! When, on instinct, I ripped the pillow out of her grasp, her expression became a mixture of worry and fear. Guilt washed over me as I took a quick look at the clock, but it was too late to wake her up so I picked her up and carried her to our bedroom. I put her on the bed and, to all of my regret and pride, I let her hug another pillow. I swear that it was almost worth it. ALMOST. Her face slipped out of discomfort, to my relief. The next thing I did was to get rid of all of those decor pillows. Once I was satisfied, I went to sleep too.

The next day, she was sleeping on the exact same spot as the day before. The only difference was that, instead of a pillow, she was hugging a folded blanket. Again, my jealousy exploded. I was so jealous! Her peaceful expression was so cute that I wanted to throw something out the window of our penthouse, but I regained my composure before I did anything rash. After putting her to bed the second time this week, I got rid of blankets and the huge stuffed animals to be sure. That was the worst move I have ever made, because now are we here. I'm hugging her, but she won't budge. Normally she would have blushed and tried to push me away, but this time she still has her arms firmly crossed over her chest. I sigh. I can feel her flinch in my embrace. As I try to think of an explanation, she startles me with another loud line.

"I can hear your gears turning all the way through your thick skull, so stop trying to think up an excuse and tell me the truth!" That really caught me off guard, while I loosen the hug to see her face, she quickly slips out of my arms and slaps the back of my head. I can see amusement playing on her lips.

Misaki POV

After I slip out of his arms and hit the back of his head, his expression is shocked and I cannot help but to smile a little. Then his face starts to have the same look as mine - a small smile - but my eyes did not have that playful look. My tiny smile vanishes while I inch away from him. Pushing me backwards to the wall and trapping me, my back against this stupid wall that separates living room and the kitchen, his eyes have a hungry look, which is not a good sign either.

"Where have all pillows, blankets and stuffed stuff gone?" he says not yelling, not exactly talking either, but more like a whisper that only he can hear. He sighs, pulling me into a hug as he walks back to the couch. "I just can't stand have my wife hugging a pillow or anything else while she sleep, when she can have me," he says while he turned to me so I straddled him on the couch. My eyebrows meet with a few wrinkles before I stare at him with a blank expression. I know he's unable to read my emotions for a little while, timing it perfectly as I slipped off the couch.

While grabbing my phone and dashing to the kitchen to grab my jacket, something grabbed my wrist. Damn him and his speed! I thought while my feet run ahead of me, causing me to fall backwards into his warm embrace. My face goes tomato red and eyes widen in surprise. He turns me around, hugs me even harder and sighs loudly before he pulls me away only to kiss me. Still a little bit shocked after falling and not responding to his kiss, I could feel his annoyance.

"You expect me not to be jealous then?" he asks in a tone that was to difficult to decipher. "Do you have any idea how it is to come home and see my wife hugging anything that isn't me?"

The look in his forest green eyes are like a puppy begging for a treat. Oh no! Not that look! Everything else but that! I give up; I look up into his eyes that is a major mistake anytime.

End
file.